THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, July 24, 1809.

FOR THE WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

MEMOIR *of* SAMUEL GOADBY, Esq.

THE gentleman who is the subject of the following memoir has been so generally known, and so highly esteemed in the city of London for more than three fourths of a century, that to consign his memory "to dull forgetfulness," would be a crime that benevolence must blush at, and might cause the widow and the orphan to weep afresh.

Mr. Samuel Goadby, late of Spital-square, London, died on the 11th of June, 1808, after a short illness, in the 89th year of his age. He was the son of Mr. Samuel Goadby, a very worthy and respectable man, who resided in one of the good old houses that were pleasantly situated in Moor-fields; he enjoyed a lucrative and respectable place under the city of London, and at his death Mr. John Goadby, his eldest son, was chosen to succeed his father. The subject of our present attention was born on St. Matthew's-day, in the year 1719, we believe, at the house in Moor-fields. Mr. Goadby had a large family, and Mr. Samuel Goadby was bound apprentice to Mr. Virtue, a stationer at the Royal Exchange; and either a short time before Mr. Goadby had completed his apprenticeship, or very soon after, Mr. Virtue died, leaving a widow and two daughters. Mr. Goadby, at this early period of life, had conducted himself in so exemplary a manner, that it was thought right to take him into partnership with Mrs. Virtue; he was also so highly esteemed by all that knew him, that he

had several offers made, of proposed advantage, to entice him to leave the connection he was engaged in, but his reply was—"I will never forsake the widow and the fatherless." This was not merely a warmth of expression, produced by the feelings of the moment, but a fixed principle, upon which he acted to the close of a long life.

The partnership continued for eleven years; and at the termination of that period, the interest of Mrs. Virtue and Mr. Goadby were made one by their marriage. Mrs. Goadby did not live more than fourteen years after their union, but previous to her death she said that her marriage with Mr. Goadby was one of the most propitious circumstances in her life. It is hoped the writer will not be thought too minute, for if a character is to be held up to the public as a proper subject for their respect and imitation, domestic and social virtues, piety and benevolence, must form the grand outlines of a character of real respect. The hero, the statesman, the poet, and the painter, demand, and frequently, as such, deserve our admiration; but it is only to the man of domestic worth and social excellence that the homage of the virtuous heart is due. The pious man, the man of universal benevolence, and unwearied assiduity in every good work, is so incalculable a blessing to society, that we are called upon by every good principle, to appreciate, to respect, and to emulate him.

Mr. Goadby was one of six gentlemen that, fifty years ago, formed, we believe, the first society in England, for the promotion of religious knowledge amongst the poor; he was indefatigable in his endeavours to secure the present and everlasting felicity of his fellow mortals; his expressive countenance would be illumined, or would be clouded, as the tale you told presented to his view a suffering or a happy fellow-being. But his feelings did not pass off in the vapour of mere external sensibility; he sought the object of distress, and he did not then say—"Be ye warmed, and be ye filled, but gave them not those things that are needful for the body,"—no, he warmed, cloathed, and filled them. The writer has known him, when near 80 years of age, ascend a dark and dangerous staircase, to visit the abode of sickness and want, and there, with the gentle hand of charity, and the warm heart of a Christian, relieve and soften the sorrows inflicted by poverty and sickness. To feel for misery, and to relieve it, was the business of his life.*

Mr.

* Mr. Goadby was in the habit of occasionally visiting his brother, in Dorsetshire. Returning one evening from a walk, he found the family playing at cards; his good-natured countenance was expressive of that sort of satisfaction which results from the consciousness of having done a good action. "I have been amusing myself too," said

Mr. Goadby was also a public spirited man, never sparing himself, or his purse, when properly called upon. In the year 1754 he was one of the warm and active friends of Betty Canning; her story, some persons now living, must remember. Mr. Goadby subscribed fifty pounds to the Patriotic Fund; he was for many years a subscriber to the Lying-in Charity, and to several dispensaries, and by his will left handsome legacies to the institutions he had subscribed to.

His shop, at the Royal Exchange, was for many years, of an evening, the meeting-place of a select party of men of superior abilities, for the purpose of conversation: Mr. Payne, late accountant-general of the bank, the late Mr. John Ryland, Mr. John Cole, and the writer believes, the late Dr. Hawkesworth, with many other sensible men, who improved and enlarged their mental powers, by the communication of ideas. Those meetings had a very different effect upon the members of this friendly circle, to that produced by convivial meetings, where wine and riot preclude sentiment and destroy reason. The late Dr. Towers was, at the period of these sentimental meetings, a little lad, under the patronage of Mr. Goadby; being very small, he used to slip into the circle unperceived, listen with great attention to all he heard, and by treasuring it up in his mind, he then laid the foundation of all his subsequent respectability as a literary man. It will be well for young persons to remember such a circumstance, and to be anxious never to lose an opportunity of enriching their minds, by attending to the conversation of the good and wise.

Mr. Goadby survived every member of the circle, in which he had for many years enjoyed so much rational satisfaction. How painful is the reflection, that the lot of all persons living to advanced age must be, to spend many of their solitary hours in a retrospect of past comforts—comforts that never can return in this life! What then are the consolations of old age, under all the gloom of solitude, and pressure of infirmity? Nothing short of a well grounded hope in the prospect of a happy eternity, where they hope to join a circle in a better world, which will never be broken in upon by death, and where their powers of enjoyment will never decrease.

He had many singularities; he was very nice in his person, dressed very plain, and had made no change in the cut of his coat for near fifty years. He had a particular dislike to

be, " and better, I think, than you. A poor woman and her naked legged children were making dismal lamentations as I passed, for, unable to pay her year's rent, the owner of the cottage had turned them out of doors in the cold, and they had no where to put their heads. However, I found out the landlord, and soon settled the business; they are all at home again."—EDIT.

the using a hackney coach on the Sunday, and thought it, *in general*, a profanation of the day; but he lived to be shocked by the rattling of stage coaches, from morning to night, on that day, which when he was a young man was, in this country, devoted to rest, and public worship. If Voltaire could now visit England, he would not say, as he once did, that in this country —" The sabbath was more strictly observed than in any other he had been acquainted with," but to Voltaire's principles we may, without doubt, attribute the profaneness and dissipation that pervade, more or less, all ranks in society, as the spread of infidelity will produce every moral evil.

Mr. Goadby was a dissenter from the ceremonies of the establishment, but he felt all that cordiality which Christianity inculcates for *every good* man, though he might not be able to say amen to his creed in every point. The ladies, who became his daughters-in-law by his marriage with their mother, were, for the greatest part of his life, a source of real comfort to him; and the one with whom he resided for many years, had the painful, though delightful task, of consoling him in his last moments with all the tenderness of an affectionate child. Mr. Goadby had much perplexity and trouble throughout his long life, but the domestic comfort he enjoyed for the last 20 years was derived from his marriage, 46 years ago. He had been a widower 42 years.

His remains were deposited in the same grave with those of his late wife, in Bunhill-fields burying ground, on Tuesday, June 22, 1808.

Mr. Goadby had, for many years, attended the ministry of the Rev. Hugh Worthington, at Salter's Hall, and the funeral oration was delivered, at the grave, by that gentleman, with a warmth of expression that evinced how justly he appreciated the excellence of his departed friend.

The following note was sent to the writer of this memoir, by Mrs. Fisher, widow of the late Dr. Fisher:—

" For many years Mr. Goadby sent a rich supply of Bibles, Testaments, and pious books, for the poor at Hadleigh [in Suffolk], and villages around, to the great comfort of Mr. Toms, the pastor of the congregation in Hadleigh meeting; and sent also money for the sick and afflicted. The benefit received by a great number, from the benevolence of Mr. Goadby, both in spiritual and temporal things, cannot be expressed, though so often seen by me.

" ELIZA FISHER."

Hadleigh was not the only place in which Mr. Goadby endeavoured to disseminate useful knowledge, particularly of a religious kind, by the circulation of books of improvement and innocent amusement. A variety of other places have experienced

perienced the benefit of his active zeal in that respect, not only to do good himself, but also to be the means of inducing many others, among his friends and acquaintance, to perform acts of charity and beneficence. To the rising generation he was a constant friend; and many a youth has been introduced, by his recommendation, to situations of respectability and comfort, for which he desired no other return, on the part of the persons thus served, than the pleasure of knowing they conducted themselves with integrity and increasing usefulness.

He was a zealous friend to civil and religious liberty, but always on principles moderate and rational. On every topic he expressed his sentiments with a manliness and candour suited to the liberality of his mind; and when he met with instances of base conduct, or deliberate wickedness, the language he adopted strongly expressed his virtuous indignation.

THE LETTER-BOX.

No. 75.

An Epistle to Mr. J. B. of Camborne.

(Concluded from Page 572.)

As thus the magic scene I view'd,
My vessel still its course pursu'd,
Whilst Hope and Mem'ry's kindred charms
Appeas'd my former dread alarms.
At length a tempting shore I reach,
And spring, transported, on the beach.
A thousand blossoms deck'd the ground,
And breath'd ethereal fragrance round;
At every turn fresh beauties rise—
Fresh cause of pleasure and surprise.
The birds a glossy plumage boast,
Like those from India's glowing coast,
Yet charm'd me with such mellow strains
As oft are heard on Albion's plains,
When (sweetest of the feathery throng)
The bird of night resumes her song.
As some sad wretch, condemned to toil
On Lapland's cold, ungenial soil,
When first the dreary scene he flies,
To breathe the balm of southern skies—
Thus I—delighted and amaz'd—
Around the blooming Eden gaz'd.

Whilst

Whilst busy thought in vain essay'd,
To guess on what fair shore I stray'd,
A trumpet's clangour, strong and clear,
Burst, awful, on my startled ear;
Short was the blast—and when it ceas'd,
Some unknown voice my fears increas'd.
" Friends of the muses! ye who stray
Thro' truth's or fancy's flowery way!
Know that Apollo holds his court,
Intent (as justice shall report)
Your various merits to regard,
And give to each a meet reward."
The summons giv'n—a youth divine
(Some first-rate vot'ry of the nine)
Before me glided;—thousands follow—
All anxious to attend Apollo.
The crowd I join—but (still in fear)
Venture no farther than the rear,
Well knowing how the bards would stare
Should they detect a *proseman* there.
At length we reach the dome of song,
Where thus the god harangued the throng.
" My sons! who zealously engage
To lash the follies of the age!
Who virtue's noble cause espouse
'Gainst all the storms which heathens rouse,
For each some honours I ordain;
But he that sings the sweetest strain
Shall boast (to what you all aspire)
A laurell'd crown, and golden lyre."
They all applaud his godship's plan,
And R—tg—r modestly began;
* Of *love* he sung, in plaintive strains—
Told all its pleasures—all its pains;
How, slighted by some faithless dame,
He nourish'd still a hopeless flame—
A flame that never would expire;
Fierce as the sun's exhaustless fire.
The list'ning crowd admir'd the sound,
And tears flow'd plenteously around.
But charm'd with sweet *domestic peace* †
At once his sorrowing numbers cease,
He sings of Albion's matchless charms,
Secure from contest's fierce alarms;
With patriot warmth asserts her cause,
And ends—'midst tumults of applause.

Then

* Entertainer, June 15, 1807.
† Entertainer, July 13, 1807.

Then slowly rose a pensive maid,‡
That oft on Tamer's banks had stray'd,
Averse to fancy's futile dream,
She chose religion for her theme.
The Saviour's§ death her song employs—
A death that leads to endless joys,
A death from which for ever flows
Kind solace for a world of woes.
‖ She next the grand ascension sung,
And rapture dwelt upon her tongue.
Seraphic sweetness closed her notes,
Like sound that oft in ether floats,
When village-bells, at day's decline,
Pour forth their melody divine.
And when she ceas'd, full many a bard,
(Ambitious of the proud reward)
From Crewkerne, Exeter, and Trent,
To some bold rhapsody gave vent.
As thus their pow'rs the champions try'd,
The god, impatient to decide,
Call'd on a youth, whose modest mien
Betray'd aversion to be seen,
And bade him make a short conclusion.
The blushing poet—all confusion—
Assur'd him of his want of art,
And begg'd permission to depart;
But begg'd in vain!—Apollo still
Demanded trial of his skill.
Obedient to the god's desire,
The bard, reluctant, struck the lyre;
But oh! what language can express
The tones of magic tenderness
That flow'd, transporting, from the strings!
Like lover's sighs on zephyr's wings!
In mute amazement lost—the throng
Admir'd the soul-subduing song.
The god himself with rapture glow'd,
And chearfully the boon bestow'd.
The modest bard that earn'd the fame,
From Camborne's beauteous village came;
And as the promis'd prize was given,
Loud plaudits shook the gates of heaven.
As thus the fairy scene I view'd,
My former friends the charge renew'd—

Memory

‡ I am not certain whether this writer is a male or female.
§ Entertainer, June 8, 1807.
‖ Entertainer, July 6, 1807.

Memory and *Hope!*—who, on the deep,
Had sooth'd my anxious fears to sleep.
The *first* my early skill display'd,
Ere gloom'd by sorrow's tenfold shade,
When by the force of fancy fir'd
By youth—by health—by love inspir'd,
On Pegasus I wing'd my flight,
And scal'd ambition's slippery height.
Then *Hope* (my downfall to compleat)
Stole on my ear, in accents sweet,
And urg'd me to attempt a strain,
Some share of honour to obtain.
Self-love prevail'd—the lyre I took—
When lo! the god, with furious look,
Down from his throne, in anger, bounc'd,
And vengeance on my sconce denounc'd;
Whilst, to insure my public shame,
The whole assembly caught the flame.
E'en bards—charadrian and rebusian—
Conspir'd to fill me with confusion.
Away I rush'd!—They rattling after
With many a peal of deaf'ning laughter.
Thus have I seen, when Phœbus reigns
And songsters warble o'er the plains,
Some luckless owl, in dire disgrace,
Annoy'd by all the feathery race.
Such was my dream—and such my fear—
When—*dinner's warning* reach'd my ear.
Oh welcome sound!—Swift from my sight
Gods, bards, and temple took their flight,
Whilst, to becalm my tortur'd head,
Came—*beef* and *pudding*—in their stead.

X.

LONDON COMMON COUNCIL MEN.

THE common councilman of our days is a man who holds the destruction of Temple Bar the greatest improvement the town could undergo, because the division produced by that building entails on him the name of cit. His conversation savours more of whipt syllabub than turtle-soup, but his words and his appetite are at continual variance. With the velvet coat and Sunday dagger of his precursors, he has thrown aside the civic simplicity of their notions, and thinks more of the interests of continental states than the well ordering of the different city wards. He practices speeches in his counting-house,

house, and amazes his customers with the outlines of an intended oration while measuring a yard of quality binding.

He plays at politics as children build houses with cards; the constructions of both want foundation, and are blown down in an instant by the breath of power. Grammar he disdains, and deduces his logic from the laws of the rule of three. He measures out a speech as he is wont to do bales of linen, and accounts in both instances that to be the best which runs to the greatest extension. Deeming the world comprised in a common-hall, he believes himself a public character; and, in truth, by perseverance (which he has, haply, learned from the morals of his alderman) he may be called to exercise his oratorical talents in a higher sphere. Should that be the case, the notions of purchase and sale, which he has imbibed in the warehouse, may prove articles of danger to the well-being of his constituents.

The Speech of Lord Erskine, in the House of Peers, on the second Reading of the Bill for preventing malicious and wanton Cruelty to Animals.*

My Lords,

I AM now to propose to the humane consideration of the house, a subject which has long occupied my attention, and which I own to your lordships is very near my heart.

It would be a painful and disgusting detail, if I were to endeavour to bring before you the almost innumerable instances of cruelty to animals, which are daily occurring in this country, and which, unfortunately, only gather strength by any efforts of humanity in individuals to repress them, without the aid of the law.

These unmanly and disgusting outrages are most frequently perpetrated by the basest and most worthless; incapable, for the most part, of any reproof which can reach the mind, and who know no more of the law, than that it suffers them to indulge their savage dispositions with impunity.

Nothing is more notorious, than that it is not only useless, but dangerous, to poor suffering animals, to reprove their oppressors, or to threaten them with punishment. The general answer, with the addition of bitter oaths and increased cruelty, is —"What is that to you?"

If the offender be a servant, he curses you, and asks, if you are his master? and if he be the master himself, he tells you that the animal is his own. Every one of your lordships must

* This bill was afterwards thrown out by the house of commons.

have witnessed scenes like this. A noble duke, whom I do not see in his place, told me only two days ago, that he had lately received this very answer. The validity of this most infamous and stupid defence, arises from that defect in the law which I seek to remedy. Animals are considered as property only. To destroy or to abuse them, from malice to the proprietor, or with an intention injurious to his interest in them, is criminal; but the animals themselves are without protection—the law regards them not substantively—they have no rights!

I will not stop to examine, whether public cruelty to animals may not be, under many circumstances, an indictable offence; I think it is, and if it be, it is so much the better for the argument I am about to submit to your lordships. But if even this were clearly so, it would fall very short of the principle which I mean anxiously and earnestly to invite the house to adopt. I am to ask your lordships, in the name of that God who gave to man his dominion over the lower world, to acknowledge and recognise that dominion to be a moral trust. It is a proposition which no man living can deny, without denying the whole foundation of our duties, and every thing the bill proposes will be found to be absolutely corollary to its establishment; except, indeed, that from circumstances inevitable, the enacting part will fall short of that which the indisputable principle of the preamble would warrant.

Nothing, my lords, is, in my opinion, more interesting than to contemplate the helpless condition of man, with all his godlike faculties, when stripped of the aids which he receives from the numerous classes of inferior beings, whose qualities, and powers, and instincts, are admirably and wonderfully constructed for his use. If, in the examination of these qualities, powers, and instincts, we could discover nothing else but that admirable and wonderful construction for man's assistance; if we found no organs in the animals for their own gratification and happiness—no sensibility to pain or pleasure—no grateful sense of kindness, nor suffering from neglect or injury—no senses analogous, though inferior to our own; if we discovered, in short, nothing but mere animated matter, obviously and exclusively subservient to human purposes, it would be difficult to maintain that the dominion over them was a trust; in any other sense, at least, than to make the best use for ourselves of the property in them which providence had given us. But, my lords, it calls for no deep or extended skill in natural history, to know that the very reverse of this is the case, and that God is the benevolent and impartial author of all that he has created. For every animal which comes in contact with man, and whose powers, and qualities, and instincts, are obviously constructed for his use, nature has taken the same care

to

to provide, and as carefully and bountifully as for man himself, organs and feelings for its own enjoyment and happiness. Almost every sense bestowed upon man is equally bestowed upon them;—seeing, hearing, feeling, thinking, the sense of pain and pleasure, the passions of love and anger, sensibility to kindness, and pangs from unkindness and neglect, are inseparable characteristics of their natures, as much as of our own. Add to this, my lords, that the justest and tenderest consideration of this benevolent system of nature, is not only consistent with the fullest dominion of man over the lower world, but establishes and improves it. In this, as in every thing else, the whole moral system is inculcated by the pursuit of our own happiness. In this, as in all other things, our duties and our interests are inseparable. I defy any man to point out any one abuse of a brute which is property, by its owner, which is not directly against his own interest. Is it possible then, my lords, to contemplate this wonderful arrangement, and to doubt, for a single moment, that our dominion over animals is a trust? They are created, indeed, for our use, but not for our abuse; their freedom and enjoyments, when they cease to be consistent with our just dominion and enjoyments, can be no part of their natures; but whilst they are consistent, their rights, subservient as they are, ought to be as sacred as our own. And although certainly, my lords, there can be no law for man in that respect, but such as he makes for himself, yet I cannot conceive any thing more sublime, or interesting, more grateful to Heaven, or more beneficial to the world, than to see such a spontaneous restraint imposed by man upon himself.

The subject is most justly treated by one of the best poets in our language.

Mr. Cowper, in the Task, says—

> ——————"The sum is this—
> If man's convenience, health, or safety
> Interfere, his rights and claims are paramount,
> And must extinguish their's, else they are all."

He then proceeds in a most affecting and sublime appeal to our humanity and justice. I have not a sufficient recollection of it, and I will not destroy the effect of it by misrepeating it.

The same subject is touched upon, in most eloquent prose, in the theological works of Mr. Jones, which were put into my hands the other day, by my worthy and excellent friend at your table.

[Here Lord Erskine read an extract.]

Mr. Young, of Trinity College, Cambridge, has also published an excellent treatise on the subject; and many of the most worthy and respectable of the clergy have done honour to their sacred functions, by impressing upon their congregations the divine command, as it regards this important duty.

Every other branch of our duties, when subject to frequent violation, has been recognized and inculcated by our laws, and the breaches of them repressed by punishments; and why not in this, where our duties are so important, so universally extended, and the breaches of them so frequent and so abominable?

But in what I am proposing to your lordships, disinterested virtue, as in all other cases, will have its own certain reward. The humanity you shall extend to the lower creation will come abundantly round in its consequences to the whole human race. The moral sense which this law will awaken and inculcate, cannot but have a most powerful effect upon our feelings and sympathies for one another. The violences and outrages committed by the lower orders of the people, are offences more owing to want of thought and reflection, than to any malignant principle; and whatever, therefore, sets them a-thinking upon the duties of humanity, more especially where they have no rivalries nor resentments, and where there is a peculiar generosity in forbearance and compassion, has an evident tendency to soften their natures, and to moderate their passions, in their dealings with one another.

The effect of laws which promulgate a sound moral principle is incalculable; I have traced it in a thousand instances, and it is impossible to describe its value.

My lords, it was in consequence of these simple views, and on those indisputable principles, that I have framed the preamble of the very short bill which I now present for a second reading to the house. I might, without preamble or preface, have proposed at once to enact, if not to declare wilful and wanton cruelty to the animals comprehended in it to be a misdemeanor, looking, as I now do, to the commons to enforce the sanction of the law by pecuniary penalties. But then the grand efficacious principle would have been obscured; which, if fortunately adopted by your lordships, will enact this law as a spontaneous rule in the mind of every man who reads it—which will make every human bosom a sanctuary against cruelty—which will extend the influence of a British statute beyond even the vast bounds of British jurisdiction; and consecrate, perhaps, in all nations, and in all ages, that just and eternal principle, which binds the whole living world in one harmonious chain, under the dominion of enlightened man, the lord and governor of all.

I will now read to your lordships the preamble as I have framed it.

"Whereas it has pleased Almighty God to subdue to the dominion, use, and comfort of man, the strength and faculties of many useful animals, and to provide others for his food; and whereas the abuse of that dominion, by cruel and oppressive treatment of such animals, is not only highly unjust and immoral, but most pernicious in its example, having an evident tendency to harden the heart against the natural feelings of humanity."

This preamble may be objected to as too solemn and unusual in its language; but it must be recollected, that the subject of the bill is most peculiar and unusual; and it being impossible to give practicable effect to the principle in its full extent, it became the more necessary, in creating a duty of imperfect obligation, where legal restraints would be inefficacious or impossible, to employ language calculated to make the deepest impression upon the human mind, so as to produce, perhaps, more than the effect of law, where the ordinary sanctions of law were wanting.

It may be now asked, my lords, why, if the principle of the bill be justly unfolded by this preamble, the enacting part falls so very short of protecting the whole animal world, or at all events those parts of it which come within the reach of man, and which may be subject to abuse? To that I answer—It does protect them to a certain degree, by the very principle which I have been submitting to your consideration, and to protect them further, would be found to be attended with insurmountable difficulties, and the whole bill might be wrecked by an impracticable effort to extend it. But I shall be happy to follow others in the attempt. The bill, however, as it regards all animals, creates a duty of imperfect obligation; and your lordships are very well aware, that there are very many, and most manifest and important moral duties, the breaches of which human laws cannot practically deal with, and this, I fear, will be found to be the case in the subject now under consideration.

(To be continued.)

SWIFT TRAVELLING.

THE following performance of swift travelling appears to set every competition of modern Jehuism at defiance; it is copied verbatim from a scarce book, entitled, "The Abridgement of the English Chronicle," by Edmond Howes, imprinted at London, 1618, (15th James 1st.)

"*Master*

" *Master Lepton's Swift Journey between London and Yorke.*

" In this moneth, John Lepton, of Kepwick, in the county of Yorke, esquire, a gentleman of an ancient family there, and of good reputation, his majesties servant, and one of the groomes of his most honourable privy chamber, performed so memorable a journey as I may not omit to record the same to future ages, the rather for that I did heare sundry gentlemen, who were good horsemen, and likewise many good physicians, affirme it was impossible to be done without daunger of his life.

" He undertook to ride five severall times betwixt London and Yorke, in sixe dayes, to be taken in one week, between Monday morning and Saturday following; he began his journey upon Monday, being the 29th of May, betwixt two and three of the clock in the morning, forth of S. Martin's, neere Aldersgate, within the city of London, and came into Yorke the same day, betwixt the hours of five and six in the afternoone, where he rested that night: the next morning, being Tuesday, about three of the clocke, he took his journey to the city of Yorke, and came to his lodgings in S. Martin's aforesaid betwixt the hours of six and seven in the afternoon, where he rested that night: the next morning, being Wednesday, betwixt two and three of the clocke he took his journey for the city of London, and came unto Yorke about seven of the clocke the same day, where he rested that night: the next morning, being Thursday, betwixt two and three of the clocke, he took his journey for the city of Yorke, and came to London the same day, betwixt seven and eight of the clocke: the next day being Friday, betwixt two and three of the clocke, he took his journey towards Yorke, and came thither the same day, betwixt the hours of seven and eight in the afternoon, so as he finished his appointed journey, (to the admiration of all men) in five dayes, according to his promise; and upon Monday the 27th of this moneth, he went from Yorke and came to the court of Greenwich upon Tuesday the 28th to his majesty in as fresh and cheerful a manner as when he began."

Account of the dreadful Tornado or Whirlwind, which occurred near Cirencester, about six o'Clock in the Evening, on Wednesday, the 5th of July, 1809.

AN intelligent gentleman, who happened to be in an open field when it commenced, and had firmness enough to deliberately survey the course it took, says, that his attention was attracted by an unusual agitation of clouds in a southerly direction, the air being quite still; and that soon after a large black

black cloud, he had previously noticed quite high in the atmosphere, instantaneously dropped down among them, as it were to the earth, and immediately burst; the bursting he assimilates to a sudden gush of water from the summit of a stupendous mountain, rushing down in every direction, and forming a torrent which increased on its approach, and collected every thing around it. Then began the devastation, with the fall of trees, innumerable branches of which, with leaves, hay-cocks, &c. it hurled to a prodigious height, and in such quantities, as to almost darken the air.

To others, who observed it in its progress, it appeared as a cloud of smoke rising from the earth and rolling forward; sometimes whirling round like a cork-screw, above which was observed, flying about, limbs of trees, and other materials, as thick as a flight of swallows. Many, on first sight of it, apprehended it was smoke issuing from an alarming fire; a delusion which, however, from its speedy motion, could be but of short duration.

Its direction is said to have been at first south from Siddington, (a village about a mile and a half off) where its ravages commenced. It seems, then, however, to have taken a south-east course. In this village numerous trees are torn up by the roots, and others much shattered. In a meadow by the church six trees were seen lying in several directions—three about N. E. two E. and one S. E. In a parallel line with the latter, farther on in Siddington-lane, lies another; and in a ground still further, two elms close together, torn up by the roots, one of which is much larger than a man's body. Thence it proceeded along the line of the canal; topped two ricks of hay, leaving another between untouched; and took two colts entirely across a ground, neither of which were hurt; at the wharf it removed a waggon, loaded with faggots, to a considerable distance; and unroofed some outbuildings. Thence it proceeded along some gardens, tearing up fruit-trees, &c.

In crossing the Tetbury-road, it is singular it should have demolished part of a hot-house, and ascended high enough to clear some lofty trees within the park wall, where it again dropped, at but a short distance from Lord Bathurst's mansion. Here it appears to have spent its force, as in its descent it blew off many large branches of trees, one of which it forced a considerable way into the earth; and here it immediately changed its direction to the E. turning up the beautiful opening from the house; ten majestic elms it selected from many in the same situation, and levelled them instantaneously to the ground; the turf and roots of some of which are torn out, leaving a chasm of 20 feet. Two beeches snared the same fate, and many oak and other trees are much shattered. It then again ascended, and resuming nearly its former course, cleared some

trees the Hampton-road side of the park; it injured some fruit trees in an orchard, and did some little damage further on.

Many conjectures are formed relative to this unusual visitation. The trees were observed to fall as a man shot; and the scene of devastation, from the limbs of trees, scattered hay, &c. along the whole course it took, is indeed an afflicting sight. One man, during the storm, assembled his wife and children together, conceiving the world was approaching its final dissolution; and the generality of those who witnessed it, seem to have had their faculties paralized, as they can give but very confused and imperfect accounts.

Anecdotes of Huet, Bishop of Avranches.

SUCH was the early and extreme passion of this excellent and very learned prelate for study, that (to use his own expression) he had scarcely escaped from the arms of his nurse before he began to envy all whom he saw with a book in their hands.

He accompanied Bochart to Sweden, who had been invited to that court by Queen Christiana. At Stockholm Huet found a manuscript of Origenes, which he transcribed, and afterwards published with notes.

It was he who formed the plan of those numerous editions of classics which were undertaken by order of Louis XIV. for the instruction of his son, the dauphin.

So devoted was this prelate to study, and so constantly engaged in his library, or closet, that he was usually inaccessible to visitors. This gave rise to some complaints in his diocese, and it was asked why the king did not send them a bishop who had completed his studies. He afterwards resigned his bishoprick.

He died in 1721, at the great age of ninety-one. By this time his memory had failed him. But his biographer relates, that two or three days before his death his wit suddenly revived, and his memory returned. He employed those precious moments in preparing for eternity.

ROMISH SUPERSTITION.

ELIAS SAURIN was born in the province of Dauphiné, and was compelled to leave his country, because he neglected to pull off his hat while a priest was passing by with the viaticum. He is chiefly noted for having written against Jurieu and Bayle.

SALMASIUS.

IN his own time, namely from 1588 to 1651, he was called the hero of literature, but he has since considerably fallen from the high reputation he once enjoyed. The erudition of Salmasius was certainly great, and he was, at the same time, conspicuous for general knowledge; but as a critic, he was capricious, intemperate, and arrogant. Such was his pride, and his high opinion of his own talents, that when advised by a friend to compose in future with greater care he answered, "I throw ink on paper as others throw dice or cards upon a table—writing to me is a mere amusement." Such unwarranted presumption did him no honour.

FAIRLOP FAIR and OAK.

THIS fair was held the present year on the 7th of July. It was attended by a numerous assemblage of visitants. Several gangs of sailors and others, from Wapping Old Stairs, went down to this scene of amusement in carriages, with music and colours flying.

The founder of this fair was a Mr. Daniel Day, of Wapping, block-maker. He had a small estate near the Fairlop oak, and when he received his rents it was his custom to treat his tenants with beans and bacon under the canopy of the oak, and the custom was continued after his decease. The engine, block, and pump-makers of Wapping, have since paid a visit to the tree, on the first Friday in every July, in compliment of their old friend and brother chip.

This venerable and stupendous tree stands in Hainault Forest, about ten miles from London. The trunk, or main tree of this lord of the forest, measures in girth 66 feet, or 22 feet in diameter, from which 17 large branches issue, each of the dimensions of a tree of moderate growth, and most of them measuring not less than 12 feet in girth.

For many years past this tree has been gradually decaying, yet it still retains some powers of vegetation, though the loftiest parts of the boughs are withered. About 20 years ago, at noon of the day, the whole shadow extended over an acre of ground. We have not been able to learn, with any degree of precision, the age of this national ornament; but comparing it with other large oaks, whose ages have been ascertained, and with that lately felled in the domains of one colleges, the girth of which was 25 feet, and said to be 600 years old, it may not be unfair to conclude that Fairlop oak, being nearly thrice as large, is three times its age.

Answer, by J. Melhuish, Honiton, to R. Trewavas's Charade, inserted May 29.

SOME who possess a superstitious mind,
And are to reason and conviction blind,
Are struck with panic and terrific fear
Whene'er they do the harmless DEATH-WATCH hear.

*** Similar answers have been received from C. Crews, of Newton Abbot; T. Pearse, of Chard; H. B. and W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; and J. M. Matthews, of Dartmouth.

Answer, by J. Trood, of Bridgewater, to J. Ball's Rebus, inserted June 5.

WHEN overwhelm'd with woes, borne down with grief,
And our dear friends can yield us no relief,
MUSIC's melodious, soft, and gentle strains,
Can ease our minds, and chase away our pains.

†*† We have received the like answer from W. D. Champion, Bridgewater; Mary Ann Allen, of Milton; J. C. Hurst, of Wareham; J. French, at Evershot school; Paulus Emilius; J. W. of Charmouth; W. Kent, near Camelford; and J. Melhuish, of Honiton.

A CHARADE, *by R. Trewavas, of Mousehole.*

HEROIC first† to friends for ever lost,
Britannia's bulwark, and his country's boast;
Ye prying sages, raise your searching eye,
And view my next, a lucid orb on high;
All-efficacious third, by influence can
Appease the gods, and cheer the heart of man;
Pursue, O fourth! scatter the Gallic line,
Then wreaths of laurel shall thy brow entwine;
O Heaven grant these wars may soon be o'er,
And in my last men visit ev'ry shore:
The initials, join'd aright, will soon define
A late invention in the fishing line.

A CHARADE, *by Un Ami.*

SOLEMN and dreary comes my first
In winter's cheerless reign;
Darken'd too oft with deeds accurst,
Hid from the view of men.

The farmer's wife, returning pleas'd,
After the market's toil;
Is often by my second rais'd
To eminence awhile.

Oppression fell beyond compare,
With monsters in its train,
Compose my whole, and who shall dare
So much woe to sustain?

☞ W. K. *may be assured that* new *and* instructive *anecdotes will be paid proper attention to.*

*** *J. C. Hurst's and C. Gaines's Communications are not forgot.*

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

WALTER and EMMELINE.

AH! who is that soldier, all cover'd with scars,
In a tatter'd red cloak, just return'd from the wars,
With one wooden leg, and one arm in a sling,
Like a hero who bravely has fought for his king?

And who are those women who heave the deep sigh,
Who walk by his side, while they bitterly cry?
Ah why are the matrons in sable array'd,
Like mourners for those who their last debt have paid?

" 'Tis Walter," says one, " once the pride of our youth,
Who to Emmeline promis'd a ne'er-ending truth;
He was lur'd to the wars, and his Emmeline died,
It is his and her mother that walk by his side.

Now he is return'd to the village again,
A poor helpless cripple, a martyr to pain;
His life's setting sun now emits its last rays,
And sorrow will end his small remnant of days.

Ah curse on the fiend who lur'd Walter to roam!
While his Emmeline true did his absence bemoan;
One grave will soon hold this too happiless pair,
And the sad tear of sorrow shall drop o'er his bier."

Ah! true was the prophet and prophecy too,
Interr'd in one grave lie these lovers so true;
And lovers in future shall often relate
The story of Walter and Emmeline's fate.

Exeter. J. TREADWIN.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

SUMMER's MORNING.

WHEN from the east the sun begins to dawn,
And golden streaks adorn the dewy lawn,
With glittering pendants deck'd each leaf looks gay,
When taught to sparkle by the lamp of day.

What fragrance then the breath of zephyr blows
From the wild jessamine, and blushing rose!
The blooming woodbine, and narcissus fair,
With op'ning sweets perfume the morning air.

The birds in concert join, their notes to raise
In artless songs to their Creator's praise;
New beauty decks the grove, the fields look gay
With waving corn, and ranks of tedded hay.

The chearful rustics envy not the great,
Peace and content attend their humble state;
Sustain'd with homely fare, they work and sing,
Nor dread the cares a future day may bring.

How

How faint, compar'd, the beauty art bestows,
To that which from an heavenly pencil flows!
That paints the verdant grass with various dyes;
The golden crocus with the daisy vies.

See an enamell'd carpet now appear,
To make the morning landscape look more fair!
Such charms as these the muse delights to sing,
Her songs of nature, and of nature's King!
Whoe'er reads this, will give the subject praise,
And pleas'd with that may pardon these weak lays.

Chard, June 30, 1809. ALEXIS.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

TO THE ROSE.

BEAUTEOUS rose! thou lovely flow'r!
Welcome to fair Flora's bower;
Welcome to the blooming maid,
In thy charming dress array'd.

Companion of gay summer's reign!
Thou fairest of her flowery train!
Thy crimson tint, thy scarlet dye,
Charm and delight th' enraptur'd eye.

When we seek the gay parterre,
We with pleasure find thee there;
With the gentle zephyr's gale,
We thy fragrant sweets inhale.

O'er thy mossy stalk upborne,
When thou shalt taste the balmy morn,
Hang the pearly drops of dew,
Adding lustre to thy hue.

At the evening's peaceful close,
When all nature seeks repose,
Thy fragrance scents the ambient air,
And thou dost still fresh odours share.

Can the painter's magic skill
Form thy colours at his will?
Can the lake or gay carmine
Imitate one tint of thine?

Yet thy beauteous crimson hue
Soon no longer we shall view;
Nor will thy verdant leaves withstand
The ruthless shafts of winter's hand.

Thus the loveliest flower must yield,
That adorns gay nature's field;
Thus the fair resigns her breath
To the chilly arms of death.

Exeter, June 6, 1809. HENRY ELLIS.

Epigram, written by a Man on his three Wives.

THO' marriage by most folks be reckon'd a curse,
Three wives did I marry for better or worse;
The first for her person—the next for her purse;
And the third for a warming-pan, doctress, and nurse.